

FORD TIMES

march 1955





photograph by John Kendrick

In June, the wild rivers of the Algoma District in Ontario are dressed in a pale, almost transparent green. This is the sight that stirs the winterbound fisherman to agonies of impatience and desire. This particular stream is the Magpie, a loggers' river that brawls its way through the rough hills 180 miles north of Sault Sainte Marie. A party of Ford Times editors explored the Magpie and nearby lakes last June (page 23) and discovered that no skill is needed to catch fish in these parts. Only energy. ■

Editor-in-Chief

WILLIAM D. KENNEDY

Art Director

ARTHUR T. LOUGEE

Managing Editor

EDMUND WARE SMITH

Roving Editor

BURGESS H. SCOTT

Associate Editors

ROBERT MARTIN HODESH

NANCY KENNEDY

JEROME PALMS

Production Manager

MALCOLM T. YOUNG

Circulation Manager

PAULINE SYLER

Board of Publishers

WALKER WILLIAMS

Chairman

R. F. G. COPELAND

J. R. DAVIS

B. R. DONALDSON

WILLIAM D. KENNEDY

ARTHUR T. LOUGEE

CHARLES F. MOORE, JR.

VOL. 47 • NO. 3

MARCH, 1955

FORD TIMES

Contents

A Guest's Impression of New England.	2
WILLIAM FAULKNER	
The Gloucester of Illinois.....	6
C. THEODORE HOUP	
Bridges What Come Naturally.....	12
W. M. MASSEY	
Custom Conversions.....	16
BURGESS H. SCOTT	
Geauga County Maple Festival.....	19
CLYDE E. HORTON	
Fishing Algoma Waters.....	23
FRANKLIN M. RECK	
Treasure in Florida Seas.....	27
PAUL HEMBERGER	
Man's Front Lawn Friend.....	29
ERWIN A. BAUER	
The Canyons of Dinosaur.....	32
STEPHEN BRADLEY	
Boston Dealers' Rites of Spring.....	36
WILLIAM LAAS	
Vevay, Indiana.....	40
ETHEL CUNNINGHAM	
Billy the Kid Country.....	51
JOHN MEIGS	
Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns..	57

One-Picture Story—5; Americamera—10, 38, 46,
54; New Methods, New Materials—48; What Is
It?—62; Letters—64.

Copyright 1955
Ford Motor Company
Dearborn, Michigan
Printed in U.S.A.
All rights reserved

The Ford Times is published monthly by
Ford Motor Company, 3000 Schaefer, Dearborn, Michigan

A GUEST'S IMPRESSION

of New England

by William Faulkner . . . paintings by Paul Sample

IT IS NOT the country which impressed this one. It is the people—the men and women themselves so individual, who hold privacy as dear as they do liberty and freedom; holding these so high that they take it for granted that all other men and women are individuals, too, and treat them as such.

Like this. One afternoon (it was October) Malcolm Cowley and I were driving through back roads in western Connecticut and Massachusetts. We got lost. We were in what a Mississippian would call mountains but which New Englanders call hills; the road was not getting worse yet: just hillier and lonelier and apparently going nowhere save upward, toward a range of hills. At last, just as we were about to turn back, we found a house, a mailbox, two men, farmers or in the costume of farmers—sheep-lined coats and caps with earflaps tied over the crown—standing beside the mailbox, and watching us quietly as we drove up and stopped.

"Good afternoon," Cowley said.

"Good afternoon," one of the men said.

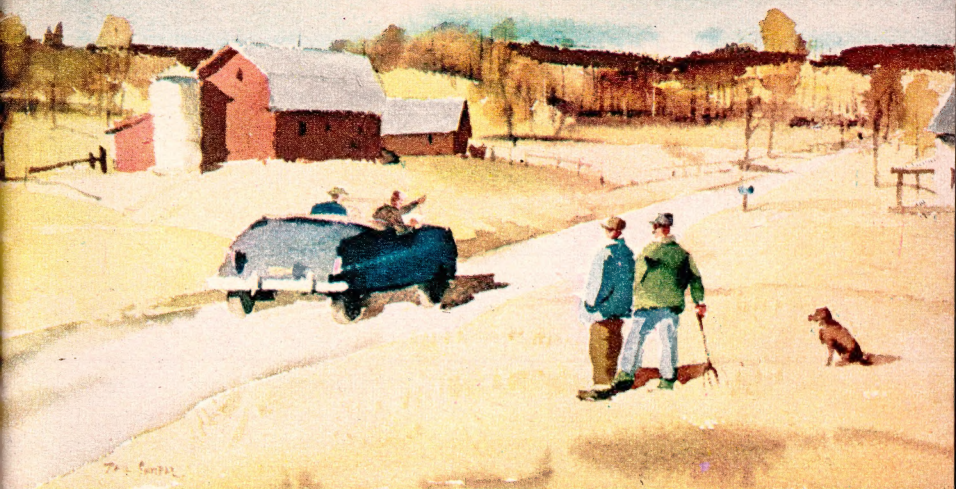
"Does this road cross the mountain?" Cowley said.

"Yes," the man said, still with that perfect courtesy.

"Thank you," Cowley said and drove on, the two men still watching us quietly—for perhaps fifty yards, when Cowley braked suddenly and said, "Wait," and backed the car down to the mailbox again where the two men still watched us. "Can I get over it in this car?" Cowley said.

"No," the same man said. "I don't think you can." So we turned around and went back the way we came.

That's what I mean. In the West, the Californian would have been a farmer only by hobby, his true dedication and calling being that of a car trader, who would assure us that our car could not possibly make the crossing but that he had



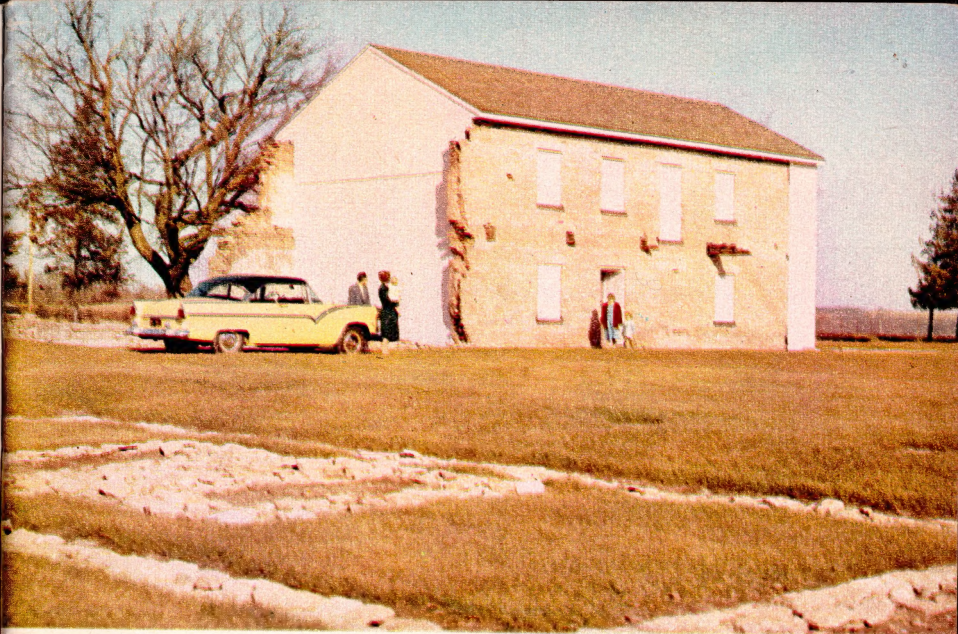
THE watercolors reproduced on this page are by Paul Sample, resident artist at Dartmouth College. The story beginning on the opposite page is by William Faulkner, distinguished Mississippian and winner of the 1949 Nobel Prize for Literature. Both are reprinted from the FORD TIMES Special Edition, "New England Journeys Number Two." A third volume of New England Journeys, now in preparation, will be announced in the next issue of the FORD TIMES.



not only a car that could make it, but the only car west of the Rocky Mountains that could. In the Central States we would have been given directions to circumvent the mountain, based on obscure third-count road forks and distant houses with lightning rods on the northeast chimney. In my own South the two Mississippians would have adopted us before Cowley could have closed his mouth and put the car in motion again, saying (one of them; the other would already be getting into the car): "Why sure, it won't be no trouble at all; Jim here will go with you and I'll telephone across the mountain for my nephew to meet you with his truck where you are stuck; it'll pull you right on through and he'll even have a mechanic waiting with a new crankcase."

But not the New Englander, who respects your right to privacy and free will by giving you only and exactly what you asked for, and no more. If you want to try to take your car over that road, that's your business and not his to ask you why. If you want to wreck it and spend the night on foot to the nearest lighted window or disturbed watchdog, that's your business, too, since it's your car and your legs, and if you had wanted to know if *the car* could cross the mountain, you would have asked that. Because he is free, private, not made so by the stern and rockbound land on which his lot was cast, but on the contrary: having elected deliberately of his own volition that stern land and weather because he knew he was tough enough to cope with them; having been bred by the long tradition which sent him from old worn-out Europe so he could be free; taught him to believe that there is no valid reason why life should be soft and docile and amenable, that to be individual and private is the thing and that the man who cannot cope with any environment anywhere had better not clutter the earth to begin with.

He quits the environment occasionally of course, but he takes it with him, too. You will find him in Burbank and Santa Monica in sunglasses and straw sandals and his shirt-tail outside his pants. But open the aloha bed-jacket and scratch him a little and you will find the thin soil and the rocks and the long snow and the man who had not at all been driven from his birthplace because it had beaten him at last, but who had left it because he himself was the victor and the spirit was gone with the cooling and slowing blood, and now is simply using that never-never land of mystics and astrologers and fire-worshippers and raw-carrot fiends as a hobby for his declining years. ■



photograph by A. M. Wettach

Protector of the Winnebago— *a one-picture story*

IN THE northeast corner of Iowa, off State Highway 24, stand the remains of Old Fort Atkinson—the only fort ever erected by the U. S. government to protect Indians.

The Indians were the peaceful Winnebago, moved by Brigadier General Henry Atkinson from Wisconsin in 1840 into the “Neutral Ground”—a forty-mile-wide strip of land which separated the fighting Sioux from the Sac and Fox to the south. In addition to protecting the Winnebago from these warlike tribes, the army troops kept the Indians on the reservation and drove out squatters and whiskey traders.

In 1848 Fort Atkinson was abandoned and allowed to deteriorate until the state took it over as a monument in 1921. Just a section of the officers’ barracks, a powder house and a cannon house remain, but restoration work is under way. ■



GRAFTON—

The Gloucester of Illinois

by C. Theodore Houpt . . . paintings by James Green

A PLEASANT half-hour's drive north from Alton, Illinois, brings you to a small river town named Grafton. Its interest and importance are not immediately discerned. The keys to both are the rough signs reading: "Catfish, buffalo, perch, carp." Grafton, Illinois, is a Mississippi River fishing town—the fresh-water counterpart of salty Gloucester, Massachusetts, with the catfish and carp doubling for the haddock and the codfish.

You can reach Grafton only by car. From Alton, you take the MacAdams Recreational Parkway along the Mississippi, a five-mile section of the double-lane highway which is planned for the river's entire length.

When the MacAdams highway is complete, the visitor will be able to drive upriver all the way to Grafton and Pere Marquette State Park. At present, however, the road turns at Clifton Terrace, following State Route 100 till it returns to the river at Grafton.

The town is located at the junction of the Illinois River with the Mississippi, within a short distance of good fishing spots in both rivers. The commercial fishing boats are specially designed rowing skiffs propelled by outboard motors. Their low freeboard enables the fishermen to work their nets and

*Above right: Familiar scene on the river near Grafton.
Below right: Grafton fishermen bring catch to market.*



haul the catch aboard without winches or other gear. In the early morning, you will see many of these small craft plying about, their owners setting or hauling nets.

The fishermen use two types of nets. The trammel net is made in three layers, the middle one fine-meshed and slack, so that fish passing through either outer coarse net are pocketed in the center. The other net consists of mesh funnels, anchored so that the open end faces downstream. Two wide mesh wings guide the fish into the trap. This interesting device is called the wing-net.

Grafton fishermen take tons of fish from the rivers each day. In spring and summer, when fish are "running," two men in a single boat may take six or seven hundred pounds in a day. At wholesale prices ranging from six cents a pound for carp to thirty-five for catfish, a day's catch may bring as much as \$120. If you stop at any of the unpretentious fish markets in mid-afternoon, you can have your pick of fish so fresh some of them may still be flopping.

The uninitiated will be amazed at the size of some of the fish, especially carp and catfish. Catfish may run a hundred pounds, or more.

It was of such fresh-water giants that Mark Twain wrote in chapter ten of *Huckleberry Finn*:

(The catfish) was as big a fish as was ever caughted in the Mississippi, I reckon . . . He would 'a' been worth a good deal over at the village. They peddle out sech a fish by the pound in the market-house there; everybody buys some of him; his meat's white as snow and makes a good fry.

Part of the fascination of life along the river near Grafton is listening to the fishermen swapping jokes about their catches: "Hardly a fish big enough for live bait, Joe," or "You joined the sardine fleet, Ed?" It's fun to get acquainted with these Mississippi River men. You learn that the Grafton fisher folk are as colorful as those of the Gaspé Peninsula, or the fishing ports of New England. This is why Grafton, Illinois, has been called the Midwest's "fresh-water Gloucester." ■



“Fountain of Youth” in Southern California

by Joyce Rockwood Muench
photographs by Joseph Muench

IF PONCE DE LEON had conducted his famous search in Southern California in 1939 instead of in Florida four hundred years earlier, his luck would have been better.

It was in 1939 that the Bureau of Reclamation, digging a well in connection with the construction of a canal, struck water 305 feet down. The water came shooting up in a geyser at a temperature of 174°. The result has been the creation of a somewhat temporary community called Hot Mineral, a unique spa and health resort.

Situated on the northeast side of the Salton Sea not far from State Highway 111, Hot Mineral comes into existence in late September and begins to fade in early May, when the air gets too hot. Consisting largely of house trailers, its shape changes from week to week as some arrive and others depart. The only permanent buildings are an office, a simple store, and a few cabins. You can rent trailer space cheaply.

To the many elderly people who have discovered Hot Mineral, the place has become a paradise. The commonest form of dress, if you can call it that, is a bathing suit. All that people have to do by way of exertion is walk the short distance to a pool and soak for as long as they want.

No one claims that these mineral-saturated waters will restore youth or dent the medical profession too much, but a lot of people who have visited there are ready to assert they feel a lot better as a result—and that's good news any day. ■



Bridges What Come Naturally

story and photographs by W. M. Massey

IN NORTHWESTERN ALABAMA, a farmer likes to build his home on a ridge. It tickles his fancy to think that water falling on one side of his roof will reach the Gulf of Mexico via the Tennessee, Ohio and Mississippi rivers, while raindrops sliding down the other side will travel via the Sipsey, Warrior, and Tombigbee.

The varied topography that allows this indulgence is also responsible for some very satisfactory scenery that is not widely known. The hinterland of the Muscle Shoals area, where thousands of vacationers annually enjoy the man-made dams and lakes of the Tennessee Valley system, is replete with cliffs, gorges, waterfalls and an assortment of natural bridges.

About fifty miles north is the Natural Bridge of Tennessee, on U. S. 64 near Waynesboro. Here twin arches of limestone are set at right angles and joined on both ends by a semicircular bluff, on the Buffalo River. Terraces in the eroded rock form a natural amphitheatre in which, for some forty years before the Civil War, the courts of Stone and Hardin counties held sessions. A sign announces that David Crockett was a magistrate here in 1812. This is a resort area, with an admission fee.



*Above right: Natural Bridge of Tennessee, near Waynesboro.
Below right: Natural Bridge of Alabama, south of Haleyville.*



The rock bridge in William B. Bankhead National Forest→

The traveler southbound from Muscle Shoals may be startled to encounter the sign, "You are now entering the Free State of Winston . . ." It is a matter of much local pride that this county refused to secede from the Union in the War Between the States. It set up its own government, issued its own currency, and raised five companies of infantry for the Union Army. Its scenery is further cause for pride. A report by the Geological Survey of Alabama described it in these considered terms: "The topographical features are varied, grand, wild, and picturesque. It has abrupt chasms 200 to 300 feet below the general level of the county. These have perpendicular and overhanging rock cliffs 75 to 100 feet high . . ."

One of those "abrupt chasms" is traversed by the Natural Bridge of Alabama, claimed to be the longest rock span in the East. It is ten miles south of Haleyville, on State 195. Fifty years ago excursion trains brought city folk from Birmingham and Sheffield to marvel at this natural wonder and to picnic in its shadow. People are still coming—but in automobiles. The bridge is privately owned and admission is charged.

There are two other natural bridges nearby. One is an 80-foot sandstone arch hidden in a heavily wooded area of Franklin County, ten miles east of the town of Phil Campbell. The other is in the national forest, on Cheatham Road (State Highway 36). This 70-foot span is suspended half-way up nearly-vertical canyon walls.

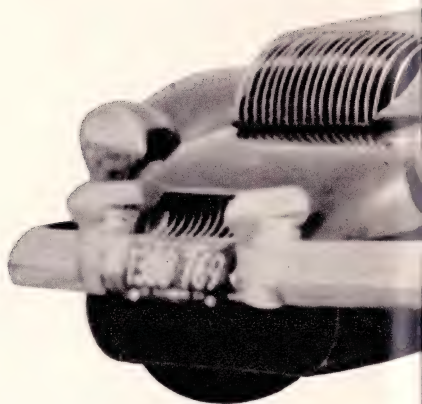
To the dyed-in-the-wool nature lover, Bee Branch Scenic Area is the top attraction of the forest and the entire region. This deep box canyon, with vertical sandstone walls 60 to 125 feet high, shelters one of the last stands of virgin hardwood in Alabama. Its giant tulip trees, hemlocks and pines have been untouched by man or fire. The largest is a tulip tree 80 inches in diameter and 150 feet high. Roads and trails in the Area are meager—by design. This 1140-acre plot is to be preserved to show future generations a bit of genuine wilderness. The public is welcome but, as the local ranger puts it wryly, "Nothing is done to make access easy." ■

Alabama's largest tulip tree, in Bee Branch Scenic Area→



Two Roadsters and a Truck

by Burgess H. Scott



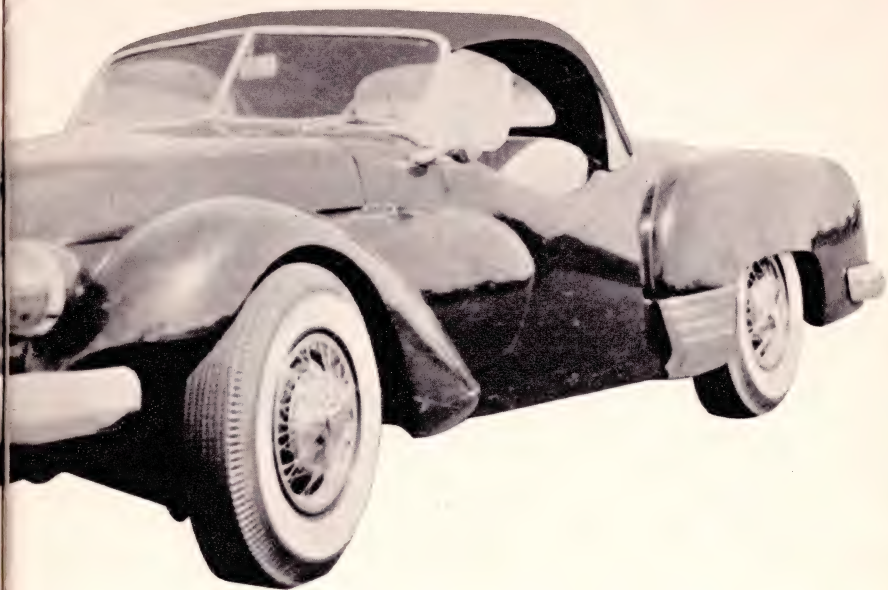
JOSEPH C. LACEK of Chicago, desiring a unique car, blended parts from twelve different makes of automobiles to create the roadster shown above.

The car has a '48 Mercury engine, a Ford gear box with Lincoln gears, and a '51 Ford 3.54 rear end. The engine is bored, stroked, and balanced to provide a 9:1 compression ratio. At a weight of 2,600 pounds, Lacek says that the acceleration is "terrific."

A United States air officer, assigned to duty in Germany, took with him a 1950 Ford Victoria. He wanted this automobile restyled for him as a personal car and turned it over to the Spohn Coach Works at Ravensburg for customizing.

Twenty thousand marks later—that's a good many dollars—the officer received delivery on the rather startling car shown opposite at left. The hard top is removable, and the Ford-Spohn is tailored in rich red and black leather.

At far right is shown a scale model truck and trailer made as a hobby by Charles Borte of Silverton, Oregon.



Starting with a 1923 Model T, Borte used a couple of hours' leisure time a day for about a year to complete this truck which now can tackle almost any Oregon terrain with thirteen speeds forward and ten in reverse. This is accomplished by using a three-speed transmission with overdrive, and a two-speed rear axle in addition to the regular Model T planetary transmission. The rig has fourteen wheels plus the spare.

Mr. Borte, at the present time, is making a scale-model cab-over-engine truck. ■





Geauga County Maple Festival

story and watercolors by Clyde E. Horton

ON A three-day week end this spring, the attractive village of Chardon, Ohio, will play host to 125,000 guests—or slightly more than 52 times its population, which is 2,400. The reasons for this extraordinary influx of people are three in number: (1) maple sugar; (2) the imagination and foresight of the citizens of Chardon and Geauga County; (3) the automobile. You have to have all three to make the Geauga County Maple Festival an annual success. It has been one since 1926.

Chardon lies in the center of the sugar-maple region of northern Ohio, thirty miles east of Cleveland. Its Court House Square and Maple Park are planted with old maples, and maple sap has been boiled hereabouts since the time of George Washington.

The Geauga County Maple Festival was suggested by Arthur B. Carlson in 1926, when the maple syrup industry was at a low ebb. Gallons of syrup were held over from one year to the next, and many substitutes were appearing on the market. Geauga's half-million-dollar industry appeared ruined.

Arthur Carlson talked to neighbors, farmers and businessmen, and propounded the idea of an annual maple festival to revive interest in the manufacture and consumption of maple products. At the first festival, twenty-nine years ago, Chardon looked forward to a crowd of 500 people. Five thousand showed up. The festival was on the way to becoming the national

*Above left: The Midway at the Geauga County Maple Festival.
Below left: Festival display shows how syrup was "sugared off."*



← *The method used for boiling sap a century ago.*

event which it is today. To crown the success, the governors of both Ohio and Vermont accepted invitations to join the fun. It is seldom indeed that a Vermonter will acknowledge the existence of maple sugar beyond the borders of his own state.

Maple syrup, its making and its by-products are still the cornerstone of the festival. But there is much else to be seen and enjoyed. Band concerts, fashion shows, exhibits of antiques, baked goods counters, log chopping and sawing contests, golden wedding dinners, a local rube band that travels the grounds in an open wagon.

Maple syrup, of course, is as American as Indian corn, tobacco and wild turkey. Perhaps the squirrels were first to discover the sweet sap from the rock maple. They may have gnawed succulent twigs and got a taste for the sap.

The American Indian discovered the sap, and first boiled it down into sugar. The modern process, though vastly improved, is still based on the same idea—evaporation.

Crude methods of tapping trees have been improved, likewise. The oldest methods and the newest are all on display at the Chardon festival, from Indian times to the present.

Maple sugar time comes in the early spring, when the nights are frosty and the days are warm. The running of the sap in sugar maples signals the end of winter, and ice locked brooks are free. Spring fever and the Geauga County Maple Festival seem to coincide, to the delight of 125,000 people.

This year the celebration will be on March 25, 26 and 27. Chardon will set up its sugar houses in the town park, and the highways and byways for miles around will teem with city people from Cleveland, Akron, Youngstown and the United States at large. To the music of the rube band, the guests will mill about the sugar houses, consume quantities of maple sugar custard, cakes and confections.

And out in the quiet woods of Geauga County the sap will flow drop by drop into the ready buckets as it has done since the coming of man. ■

← *An old maple sugar house, with modern equipment.*





FISHING ALGOMA WATERS

by Franklin M. Reck . . . photographs by John Kendrick

AUGUSTIN DUBREUIL wrote us from Magpie, Ontario, inviting us to make our headquarters at the Dubreuil lumber camp. He said:

"There is lake and stream trout in the surrounding area and nice lakes full of pikes and pickerels."

This is an accurate description of the Algoma District, the wild playground that lies north of Sault Sainte Marie and consists of ten thousand square miles of water and land. Here the Laurentian Range, after dwindling its way westward from Quebec, suddenly becomes all cut up over the prospect of diving into the cold waters of Lake Superior. The result is a multitude of pockets and valleys, each pocket a lake, each valley a stream, and all full of "pikes, pickerels and trout."

Algoma Land has always been a dreamland for anglers but interest is climbing because bulldozers are shoving their way into it from two directions. When they finally meet, they will open up the wildest part of Canada's principal transcontinental highway. Each year, cars with canoes on top are getting closer to the heart.

Five of us had an advance look at the area around Magpie last June. In a pickup truck that never failed us despite severe battery and compression ailments, we went with Augustin to a chain of three lakes—Tray, Sutherland and Davies. Here we

Above left: First stage of the carry from Goetz to Parks.

Below left: Beginning of Center Lake where the trout run big.



←*Dubreuil's lumber camp, headquarters for the party.*

learned that the only fishing skill required in this country is the strength to paddle and the energy to carry the canoe from lake to lake.

Where Tray pours into Sutherland, the channel is aptly shaped like a horn of plenty. Bill Moss stood on a glacial boulder casting a River Runt and the fish smashed it like trout. Jim Hendryx lowered a baited hook and the walleyes took it off the bottom like perch. Johnny Calkins cast flatfish with a spinning rod and the northerns behaved like bass. The rest of us trolled, cranked, and netted. Technique died a graceful death. The fish fry on the beach—fresh fillets of walleye rolled in corn meal and browned in bacon fat—was something to remember.

Our next exploration was to Center Lake by the oddest series of portages known to man. From Magpie to Goetz Lake, two miles by handcar on the Algoma Central tracks; from Goetz to Parks, one-half mile, by automobile on a short mine road; from Parks to Endless, a quarter mile on a narrow wooden catwalk covering a conduit leading to an abandoned mine. From Endless we might have traveled to a side lake through a tunnel once used to control water levels, but our guide feared we might bump our heads on the jagged ceiling.

Center Lake, a translucent jewel in a pale green setting, was more coy than Sutherland and Davies. Our two canoes circled the lake once, dappling the surface with flies, and nothing happened. Then the canoe containing Kennedy, Moss and Reck changed to daredevils and small flatfish. On the first cast three brook trout (seven pounds of fish, it turned out) struck the three lures. It took five minutes to boat the fish and a half hour to untangle the lines. After that, for a brief space, the lake went wild.

We caught walleyes in the white water of the Magpie River and both lake trout and brook trout in Goetz. Except for one small creek, wherever we went we found fish.

"Your fishing trip will be a real one," Augustin had written us. He was a prophet. ■

←*Bill Moss and five-pound walleye taken in the Magpie.*



Treasure in Florida Seas

story and photographs by Paul Hemberger

THE fifty-foot motor ketch, "Vagabond," outward bound from Hollywood, Florida, filled her sails in the soft winds of the tropic night. Her crew was a group of young adventurers bent on a week-end's exploration of the locker of Davy Jones—in this case the hulls of wrecked or sunken ships in the bountiful Florida seas.

In the morning, not far from South Bimini Island, the lookout spied the old ship "Sapona." She had gone aground in the twenties, and had been used during prohibition as a storehouse for rum runners, later for aerial bombing practice.

Donning masks, snorkels, fins, and carrying air guns, the crew went overboard in water so clear the visibility was seventy-five feet. Two adventurers spied and pursued an eight-foot shark. No harm befell anyone, including the shark. In the hold of the Sapona a barracuda was sighted and chased. It escaped into an old boiler. But the submarine hunters took a plentiful supply of Florida lobsters and groupers, which were eaten for lunch.

At Gun Cay, the Vagabond's adventurers spotted an old wreck on the bottom, and explored it after donning appropriate gear plus Aqualungs. She was an old boat, put together with handmade copper nails. The anchor chain was found and hoisted aboard the Vagabond, along with an old, coral-encrusted wheel.

At Honeymoon Harbor, the treasure hunters found starfish

←"We chased a barracuda in the sunken ship's hold."

and fine shells in plenty. But it was at Pequet Cay that the undersea adventurers discovered pink and yellow sea plums undulating in the sea's motion, fantastic coral shapes, and such beautifully colored fish that wreckage hunting was forgotten in the joy of just looking.

At the end of the long week end, the Vagabond's bow pointed toward Hollywood and home, while the voyagers counted their plunder, which totalled approximately as follows: bits of brass and old metal, chain, wheels, shells, a large barracuda, one fountain pen in working order, about two hundred pounds of fish, and a long necklace of pleasant memories.

The cost of passage aboard the Vagabond is sixty-five dollars for the week end, Friday till Monday morning. Meals, snorkels, goggles and mask, fins and air guns are all included. There is an extra charge for rental for Aqualungs. If you would like a treasure hunting voyage aboard the Vagabond, write for further information to Mr. Ed Townsend, 906 North Ocean Drive, Hollywood, Florida. ■

The "Sapona"—derelict of steel and concrete.



Robin Redbreast—

Man's Front Lawn Friend

by Erwin A. Bauer

painting by Charles Harper

A U.S. PILOT landed in England recently, and the first thing he saw at the airport was an American robin. It wasn't supposed to be there, but this pilot knew his birds; no mistake. There were some European robins around for comparison, and they're only half the size of ours. In fact they are hardly related. Our robin is really a thrush, a distant cousin of the European blackbird, but was misnamed by early British settlers because of its resemblance to their robin redbreast.

Just how the U.S. robin got to the United Kingdom is no mystery. It was taken there. Perhaps the fact that a female once nested in a World War II bomber and survived a 1700-mile, high-altitude flight explains how they occasionally turn up in such un-native places as Munich, Tangier, Havana and the Pribilof Islands. But they are the most numerous in our land, probably the best known, and certainly among the most loved, and therefore are often introduced into other countries.

Robins are revered, of course, as harbingers of spring. In fact, an adequate definition of springtime is the sound of their liquid warbles and chirps at dawn and the sight of one of them rushing across the long shadows on the lawn to brace itself against a worm that has its other end anchored firmly in the sod. When you see several robins thus engaged it's time to see about planting early flowers—at least that's what gardeners of the old school say.

Their reputation as prophets of spring is somewhat over-



worked, though. They are among the first birds to head north, but a few of them stay all winter in northern latitudes. Just put out a few raisins, dried fruit or slices of apple and they'll be around—if they're there at all.

Actually, they nest as far north as the muskeg barrens, though in small numbers. What probably happens is that when the U.S. robins head south in late fall, the far northern ones come down and fill the vacancies. So chances are that the robin you see shivering in the sun on a day in late February might have been around since Christmas.

A robin's nest, as any small boy can tell you, is a nearly perfect bowl of mud, reinforced with twigs, rope, paper, old rags, and very likely the string that marks off a bed of radish seeds. I once found part of a dollar bill woven into a robin's nest and only wish he had gotten it all—or at least more than half.

Structurally, these nests are marvels, but from the strategic

point of view, their placement is terrible. You find them in low bushes, in young trees and in the vines around the porch. Robins have been known to build nests on top of the porch light and in the wheel spokes of a wagon that wasn't being used for a few days.

This may be evidence of sociability, or it may be just plain foolishness. Considering the number of young robins lost each year to house cats, the latter is probably more accurate.

House cats or not, the robins are making out very well. They'll nest two, three, four times in a single season, and each time produce from four to six unmottled eggs of a color known, of course, as robin's-egg blue.

After fourteen days of incubation you have a group of nude and noisy creatures, ugly of feature and huge of appetite. Another generation is on the way to becoming the pretty vocalists that make for pleasant summers in America.

You'll find robins everywhere in this country, but their population is heaviest in temperate regions where there are lots of fruit and insects, which comprise almost all their diet. Having a body temperature of 104°, they need to keep themselves stoked constantly.

Caterpillars and grasshoppers are their favorite meat, but they aren't choosy about fruit. They'll eat any kind, cultivated or wild. It's when they start after the cherries in the spring that a few people get mad at them, but no one stays mad at a robin for long.

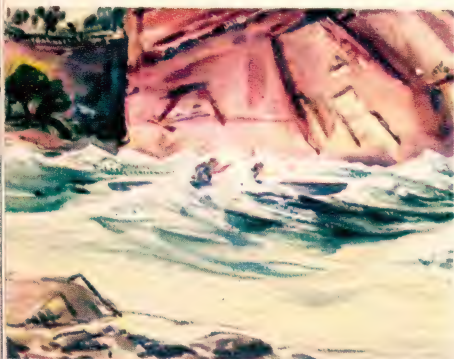
Robins were once prized as game birds in the south—not only for the sport of it but actually for eating. They went by the name of “fieldfare” in those days and were fried up—southern-fried robin, if you can imagine it—or used as the principal ingredient in pot pies. Whether southern kids ever changed the old Mother Goose rhyme to “four and twenty robins baked in a pie” is not known.

Those days are gone, anyway. Whereas few people cared very much who killed Cock Robin, today they care a lot. Most state legislatures have passed laws protecting robins. The legislatures of Connecticut, Virginia, Michigan and Wisconsin have carried things a step farther. They have honored our friend of the front lawn by naming it their state bird. ■

● DINOSAUR
NAT.
MON. ● Denver

THE CANYONS OF DINOSAUR

story and paintings by
Stephen Bradley



Above: Visitors take time out from boating for a swim under the 2000-foot walls of Grand Overhang, on the Yampa River. Left: A river kayak shooting Schoolboy Rapids, one of four in Split Mountain Canyon, toward the finish of the Dinosaur float.



THE way to see Dinosaur National Monument is not by car but by boat. Two rivers flow into it and combine amidst scenery that is staggering and water both placid and white.

Dinosaur, the most recent addition to our national park system, is tucked away in the northwest corner of Colorado. Though not far from U. S. 40, it has access roads of only meager development. The water routes through it, however, are exceptionally suited to boating.

The Green River, full-bodied and powerful, comes in from the north; the Yampa, broad and gentle, meanders in from the east. They meet in the hush of a great natural cathedral called Echo Park and together meander south out of the monument. Last season a guide named Bus Hatch, operating out of Vernal, Utah, took visitors, ages four to seventy-eight, through Dinosaur's canyons in big rubber boats.

Varied as their tastes may have been, there was variety enough in the waterways to satisfy them all. In fact, no other national park or monument can match them. Lodore Canyon, for example, where the Green plunges through the Uinta Plateau, is a deep and highly-colored gorge with some of the finest white water in the whole system of Colorado rivers.

The Yampa, on the other hand, is mainly a lazy stream whose twisting channel has been cut through 2000 feet of solid stone. A scenic masterpiece, this canyon has four short rapids, all easy for the rubber boats to manage.

Below Echo Park is Whirlpool Canyon, which has no rapids but carries the water along in a swift surge. Next it reaches Island Park, through which it flows silently for miles. Then, with a flair for the dramatic, it enters Split Mountain through a keyhole of twisted strata, disappearing into a magnificently torn and deeply incised extension of the plateau. This gorge has four rapids that make for an exciting finale.

Those to whom a wild ride through crazy water does not appeal may confine their trip to the calmer passages, or they can walk the shore of every white-water stretch.

Though the full length trip of ninety miles is the most feasible one today, it is likely that after the access roads have been improved the most popular trip for tourists will be the final twelve miles of the Yampa. A person could drive in from U.S. 40, take a three-hour boat trip on gentle water, and be back on the highway by nightfall.

There is talk of a dam at Dinosaur that will end these magnificent experiences forever. Everybody who has ever floated its wonderful rivers will regret the day. ■



Boston Dealers' Rites of Spring

by William Laas

photographs by Ted Smith

ONE February 22nd a few years ago, an automobile executive newly stationed in Boston was being briefed by subordinates on the native customs. They took him to a sunny spot on Commonwealth Avenue and let him look.

Thousands of people, sportively dressed . . . whole families, many wheeling baby-carriages . . . children with lollipops, tugging at gay-colored balloons . . . the whole population seemed to be strolling along the elm-shaded sidewalks of Boston's Automobile Row. Their object: to see the new cars in dealers' showrooms. The outlander had never seen anything like it.

Less hoary than most Boston traditions, the annual "automobile open house" on Washington's Birthday is nevertheless firmly instituted. Last year the custom spread throughout New England. Newspapers publish special editions; dealers decorate their buildings, give door prizes, exhibit films, feed the populace with coffee, doughnuts, or popcorn for the kids. And the crowds come in spectacular numbers.

There's a reason. In New England the date marks just about the limit of winter endurance. It's a day to celebrate. For a century and a half Boston has celebrated by shaking hands with the Governor who waits, arm-weary but smiling, beneath the battle flags at the old State House.

In the Twenties an automobile dealer, Alvin T. Fuller, became governor. For years he had been vexed by the dismal atmosphere of the annual Boston Automobile Show, held in gale-ridden January. Fuller observed the holidaying families and, on his return to private business, announced an exhibit of Old Masters and open house to all in his automobile showroom on Washington's Birthday.

The rest you know—it's Boston history and a spreading tradition. ■



The Battlefield at Gettysburg

photographs by Tom G. Murray

IN THEIR vacation travels about the country, Americans consistently visit the entertaining and scenic places, but they make an important exception: the battlefields of the Civil War. Scenic in a limited way, and not what you'd call entertaining, these battlefields are visited annually by thousands.

A visit to a Civil War battlefield is an emotional experience. All are documented with tablets and plaques detailing the dates—sometimes even the hour—of engagements, the names of soldiers, the type of action on such and such a plot of earth, names of companies and regiments.

Few people can read these accumulations of sorrows without feeling the solemnity that covers the fields. The details bring visitors close to the men involved in battle and close to the feeling of tragedy which is still associated with our most tragic war of all.

The pictures on the opposite page were taken on the battlefield at Gettysburg. The upper picture shows Devil's Den, where Confederate sharpshooters fired with deadly effect at Union soldiers on Little Round Top 700 yards away. The lower picture shows a statue of General Gouverneur Warren, chief engineer of the Army of the Potomac.

Though Gettysburg will be known forever as the place where Lincoln, four and a half months after the battle, made one of the most famous speeches in the English language, it will be remembered also because here the Confederacy began its decline. The battle was fought on the first three days of July, 1863. There were 51,000 casualties. ■





VEVAY, INDIANA

via Switzerland

by Ethel Cunningham . . . paintings by Edwin Fulwider

IN THE EARLY 1800's, Ohio River steamboats, their stacks shooting sparks, stopped with passengers for Vevay, Indiana. To reach the settlement, passengers were obliged to climb a steep bank. The present approach by car is not as picturesque or difficult, but it's as scenic as of yore. A black road, Indiana Route 56, dallies along like a boy on his way to school. It follows the curves of the Ohio River and wends through disputing hills.

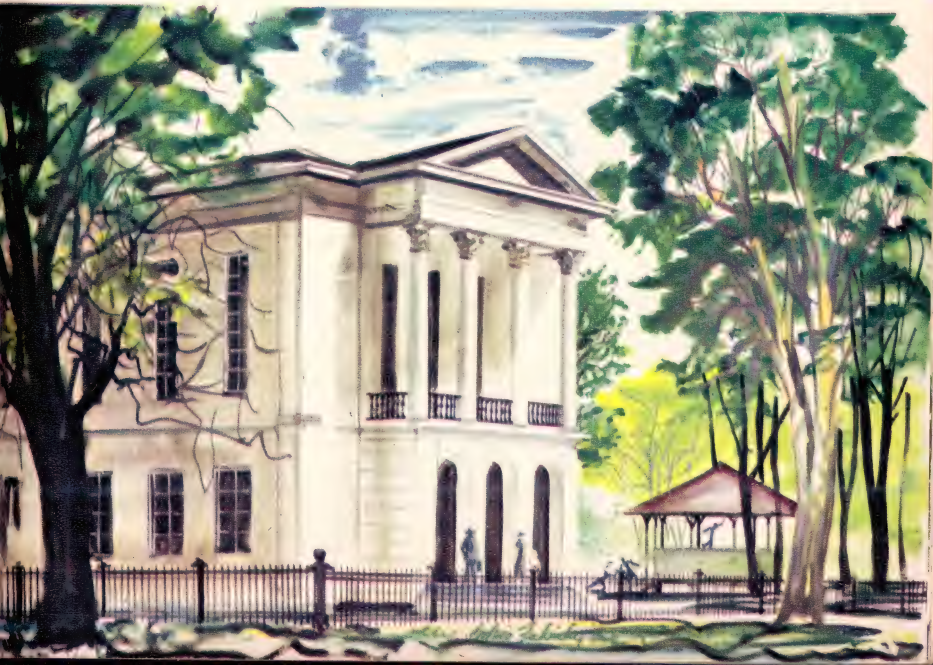
Vevay, pronounced "Vee-vee," lies twenty miles east of Madison, Indiana, and sixty miles west of Cincinnati, Ohio. Its population is 1500. It is unspoiled, unsoiled, unexploited. In spring the dogwood whitens the hills like cumulus, while redbud flames pink in contrast. You may be surprised to find tobacco growing on Tell or Vineyard streets, where the country flows right in among the houses.

You won't hear a train whistle in Vevay. There's no railroad in Switzerland County. But of a summer evening you hear the re-iteration of the whippoorwill, like a night watchman calling incessant "All's well's."

Back in 1802 the founders of Vevay signed a covenant stating: "It is agreed to leave a road 100 feet in width . . . which shall be planted with four rows of trees . . . fronting said road shall buildings be placed."

It all came, quite literally, by way of Switzerland; for in

*Above right: Ferry Street in Vevay, Indiana.
Below right: Switzerland County Courthouse.*



Vevay, Switzerland, on New Year's Day, 1801, a group of seventeen men, women and children gathered at the home of John James Dufour to say farewell before leaving for America.

Earnest prayers were said for the safety of the little group. "Teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Even today, the Ninetieth Psalm is read at the funerals of descendants of the Swiss settlers of Vevay.

The original settlers came overland and by river flatboat to the present site of the town, theirs by virtue of a land grant voted them by Congress, "to encourage the cultivation of the vine."

Within a year, the Swiss settlers had cleared land, built cabin homes, and planted vineyards. The first wine was made in 1805. This was a great event, since the Swiss Dufours had been wine makers for generations. So proud were the Indiana settlers that Jean Frances Dufour bought a horse, strapped a keg of wine to each side of his saddle, and rode 600 miles to Washington, D. C., for presentation to President Thomas Jefferson.

By 1810, the Swiss settlement had a post office, a Literary Society, a library and a reputation for the making of excellent wine. A school teacher named Isaac Kinsman was imported from Maine in 1822. Well-prepared academically, the teacher was ill-prepared for the potency of Vevay wine, "which," reported Perret Dufour, "unfitted him at times for his vocation . . . (but) he never kept his school open while intoxicated."

Old court records indicate the sturdiness of the folk of Vevay. "Elizabeth Jones is allowed one dollar for the scalp of a wolf killed by her in 1814." Johnson Brown, until his death at the age of 108, "could still shoot down a squirrel from the tallest tree."

"Old Betz," since blown to bits during a July Fourth celebration, was once a noted piece of Swiss artillery. When Lafayette visited Cincinnati in 1825, the Vevay boys loaded Old Betz on a steamboat and arrived in time to join the parade of welcome to the distinguished guest from France. They fired Old Betz



at the rate of twenty-nine rounds in three and one-half minutes. Lafayette himself was moved to praise.

Today, the chronicle of Vevay's past merges into the present as you view the old homes. At the west end of Main Street is the Jean Moreroid House, with walls of solid brick two feet thick. It was built in 1817. In its deep cellar may be seen one of the original wine casks, capacity 500 gallons.

There's the old National Hotel, at the corner of Ferry and Market streets, where Mrs. Andrew Jackson stayed with her son Willie when the yellow fever epidemic raged in Nashville, Tennessee.

Just west of the courthouse on Main Street stands the square brick house where Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," was born.

When the subject of age among Vevay's homes is considered, the Schenk mansion, built in 1840, is practically new. The builder, Mr. U. P. Schenk, was the owner of many river boats, so he faced his house to the river. Ionic columns, soaring to the third floor, support wide galleries. The red brick structure is a landmark for miles up and down the river.

These are only a few of Vevay's gracious old homes. A visit to the Vevay Historical Society introduces you to the town's past. Here, appropriately housed in a building dating from 1830, is an astonishing display of antiques. A Muzio Clementi piano, said to be the first piano to appear in Indiana, occupies a place of honor. The old instrument is the subject of romantic tales.

There are no motels in Vevay. The Swiss Inn, formerly the Leclerc House, built in 1833 and now modernized, has excellent accommodations and serves good meals at reasonable prices.

You won't hear yodeling in the old Swiss town today. But the hills remember. And surely they also remember the original band of wine makers who left their Vevay in Switzerland more than 150 years ago. As for America's Vevay, one contented old Hoosier is said to have viewed the little town and remarked: "Ain't God good to Indiana!" ■



Jets of the 146th

photograph by Art Alanis

THE jet aircraft lined up in the photograph at right are T-33's, two-seat trainer versions of the F-80, which are used in the schooling of pilots for the California Air National Guard. These jets are among recent additions assigned to the 146th Fighter Bomber Wing, based at the San Fernando Valley Airport in Van Nuys, which is now well-equipped with swift F-86 Sabre Jets for its part in the aerial defense of Southern California.

In keeping with the Air Force's current "New Look" program, Air National Guard units throughout the country have been called on to augment the regular Air Force in their vital air defense mission. In Southern California the 146th Fighter Bomber Wing was selected for the task. To carry it out, five Air National Guard pilots are kept on duty at all times, and two jet fighters are maintained on constant alert during the daylight hours. To cover our defense area during the hours of darkness, specially-equipped aircraft, capable of intercepting and destroying enemy planes without even seeing them, have been placed in operation.

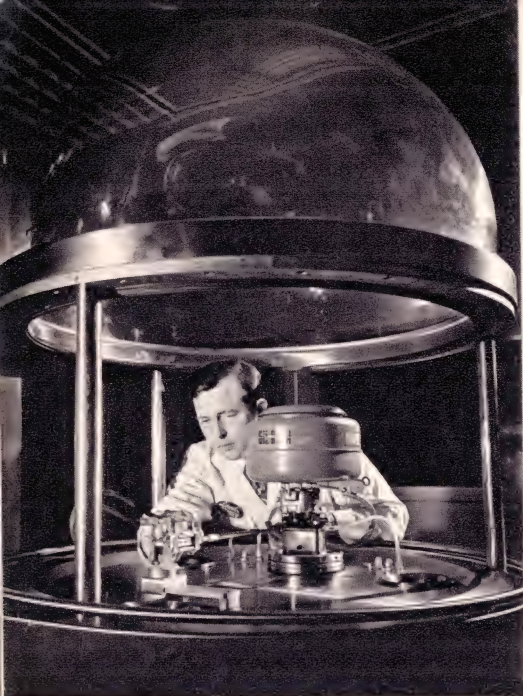
In order to coordinate defense operations with the activities of other wings, and to keep pilots on the alert, a direct telephone hook-up is maintained between 146th headquarters and the Air Defense Control Center which is under the supervision of the 27th Air Division. A "wing"—according to the Air Force organizational setup—is one step above a group, and usually consists of a headquarters, a headquarters squadron,



a combat group and service elements. The wings are in turn responsible directly to an air division, which in this case is the 27th.

When an alert comes in, pilots are allowed five minutes to have their planes in the air. Such an alert is given and an investigation is made for every unidentified aircraft which approaches the Southern California defense zone.

This base at the San Fernando Valley Airport, which is located practically at the outskirts of Los Angeles, is not open to the public. However, special tours of the installation have been arranged and conducted for clubs, civic organizations and boys' groups such as the Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts. The Ford Thunderbird in the photograph does not necessarily belong to one of the pilots; however, the photographer thought the car's modern lines—compared with the sleek design of the jets—would make an interesting shot, and the result as shown was most colorful. ■



New Methods, New Materials

photos by Edgar Carlson

THE DEVICE shown on this page is not a giant-sized space helmet or a robot mechanism. It's what laboratory technicians know as a bell jar and is used for testing Ford carburetors at a new metering laboratory in the Ford Research and Engineering Center at Dearborn.

With the large plastic dome drawn tightly against its base, vacuum pumps are used to simulate the rarefied atmosphere of a mountain top or the seashore's heavy air. Ford Engineering Staff specialists can thus trace accurately on meters any operating peculiarity of a carburetor and determine any desired fuel mixture. By testing different sized gasoline feed jets the Ford research men can correct a carburetor's shortcomings.

In the photograph at right a member of the Engineering Staff's experimental fabricating department is shown holding new materials which will speed the production of new Ford

cars. For a long time plain mahogany boards were used to make the wooden models from which steel production dies are formed to stamp out parts for cars and trucks.

These ordinary wooden die models, however, may swell or shrink so much between the time they are built and the time they are used that they require resurfacing to bring them to the proper dimensions. The new Ford process impregnates the boards with synthetic resins, which greatly reduces swelling, shrinking, and moisture absorption.

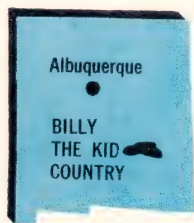
Since the wooden models determine the shape of the steel dies it is important that they do not change dimensions from the time they are built until the steel dies have been copied from them. Because the processed wood, unlike the plain board, is only slightly affected by changes in temperature and humidity, much costly reworking of die models is eliminated. ■





BILLY THE KID COUNTRY

story and paintings by John Meigs



TRAVELERS hurrying along through New Mexico on U.S. 70 are often unaware of an almost legendary land near at hand, a country frequented in the 70's and 80's by a young desperado named Billy the Kid. Here in the central part of the state are the places where he worked, rustled cattle and killed men.

It was not until he came to work as a cowboy in Lincoln County around 1877 that the legend of Billy the Kid settled down to semblance of fact. He worked for an English rancher, J. H. Tunstall, whose unwarranted killing by a posse in 1879 brought on the famous Lincoln County cattle war. The Kid's admiration for his boss and his determination to get revenge led to the long series of murders and the much publicized events of the war in which he participated, culminating with his death at the hands of Sheriff Pat Garrett at Fort Sumner in the summer of 1881.

The scenes of most of his activities during his last years are all along or adjacent to U. S. 70. Fifty miles west of Roswell, at Hondo Junction, U. S. 380 is the first detour in following the Kid's trail. Ten miles west lies Lincoln. It is a town of another era but very much alive. The efforts of one of the first Lincoln museum directors has resulted in modest, but easily read, markers which stand before each historic building or site. These tell in a concise manner the part each played in the early events; the Torreon, early defense against the Apaches; Dolan House, scene of early Lincoln hospitality, and later an inn; site of the Wortley Hotel, from which Bob Ollinger rushed to his death during the Kid's escape.

Above left: Billy the Kid's prison in Lincoln courthouse.

Below left: Tunstall store houses post office and museum.



← *Window and marker—scene of the Kid's last killing.*

The visitor will miss much by not stopping at the old Tunstall store which has been turned into a museum. Part of the building houses the old post office presided over by Mrs. Edgar Phillips who will genially pass the time of day with you.

As you approach the end of town the Lincoln County Courthouse looms against the sharp rising hills. In this imposing early frontier building are the major relics and mementoes of Lincoln. Here, Billy, after being tried and sentenced to hang, escaped by killing his two guards. Early photos and photostats of the correspondence between the Kid and Governor Lew Wallace of "Ben Hur" fame, who offered clemency to the young man, are on exhibit.

After Lincoln the traveler has two choices. First he can return to Hondo and U. S. 70. By this route he will pass through San Patricio where Billy used to fight and frolic. A mound of adobe clay is all that remains of his favorite hangout.

For those who want to see still more of the Kid's country the road west from Lincoln passes close to old Fort Stanton. Originally established to protect the settlers from the Apaches it also figured in the early history of the southwest and the Lincoln conflict. At Las Cruces the last of the Kid's country is found three miles east at Old Mesilla. Another "Billy the Kid" museum and the scenes of his border gambling days are still in evidence.

Back in old Lincoln the days pass busily and eventfully. School suppers and dances at Ramon's on Saturday night bring out the young and the old. Farmers and ranchers come to the Penfield store to do their weekly trading.

The first week end in August each year the people of Lincoln and surrounding villages and valleys present a pageant, "The Last Escape of Billy the Kid." Proceeds go to the activities of the Historical Society.

Billy the Kid is a legend now but Lincoln and its surrounding countryside is sustained in reality by the memory of this young man of twenty-one who died, so the legend goes, with an equal number of notches on his gun. ■

← *Capitan Gap—Billy's escape route from Lincoln.*



americamera |

Zwaanendael Museum

by Jay Dugan . . . photograph by Bob Holland

FIRST-TIME visitors to the Zwaanendael Museum in Lewes, Delaware, are overcome with a strange impulse—they want to eat the place! The reason is that it looks so much like a gingerbread house. Its warm brown-red bricks are iced with creamy white shutters and all it needs to complete the illusion is a pat of hot butter.

The Museum, whose Dutch name means “valley of the swans,” is a replica of the town hall of Hoorn, Holland. It’s a memorial to the thirty original Dutch colonists who were massacred by the Indians a few months after they landed at Lewes in 1631.

But there's nothing grim—or even museum-like—in its exhibits. They reflect the bright, pleasant side of colonial life in history-rich Lewes which sits at the head of Delaware Bay. Last year's 10,000 visitors were fascinated by an intricately-carved 300-year-old cookie board sent by the people of Hoorn as a gift in 1947.

Even the museum's relics of the War of 1812 have light overtones. They recall how a handful of Lewes residents held off a British fleet with second-hand cannonballs. Since they had no artillery ammunition they waited 'till the British bombarded the town. Then they gathered up the cannonballs and fired them back. The baffled British, who expected no opposition, hoisted sail and slipped away.

Miss Catharine C. Maull, the museum's gracious curator, shows visitors the sea chest of Captain James Drew, who commanded the much-sought "De Braak," a British sloop which sank in the bay off Lewes in 1798. Object of countless treasure hunts, the De Braak was reputed to have aboard a fabulous treasure in bullion from a Spanish privateer.

For hundreds of years the town has furnished the pilots who guide ocean vessels through the dangerous shoals of the Delaware River to the ports of Wilmington and Philadelphia. Oldsters remember tales of the days when the sighting of an approaching ship, signaled by hoisting iron balls to the top of the lighthouse, provoked a mad scramble and furious rowing to see who could get aboard first and win the pilotage berth.

Since 1896, however, a pilots association has rotated the assignments and river navigators sit placidly in a "pileboat" in the bay to await their next "cruise." Resulting sea-sharpened appetites have produced such popular Lewes dishes as "pileboat codfish," a highly seasoned concoction picked up from cooks on Norwegian vessels, and "all night corn pone."

The museum will never want for relics of Lewes' colorful history as long as the local Sussex Archaeological Association can turn a spade of earth. Its eighty dedicated members are currently combing the soil to locate the exact site of the ill-fated Dutch settlement. The trail was hot this spring until it ran smack up against—of all things—the base of a monument dedicated to the colonists!





Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Pinkham Notch Inn is located on State Highway 16 in Pinkham Notch, New Hampshire. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served every day. Overnight accommodations and vacation facilities.

MAPLE HICKORY CAKE

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup first run maple syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 eggs, beaten
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hickory nuts, chopped
(or walnuts)

Cream butter and sugar, add maple syrup slowly beating all the while. Add vanilla and eggs. Beat mixture until

smooth. Sift flour, salt, baking powder together. Add flour mixture to first mixture alternately with milk. Fold in nuts. Pour into 2 greased and floured 8-inch round cake pans. Bake 35 minutes in 375° oven.

FROSTING: Cook 1 cup maple syrup until a sample of it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Slowly drip syrup into 2 egg whites beaten stiff but not dry, beating all the time. Blend in 1 teaspoon vanilla and pinch of salt continuing to beat until frosting is of desired consistency.

←*painting of Pinkham Notch Inn by Sascha Maurer*

←*painting of the Simsbury House by Douglas A. Jones*

Simsbury House A delightful country inn located in Farmington Valley, it is only twelve miles northwest of Hartford on State Highway 10 and U.S. 202 in Simsbury, Connecticut. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served every day except Monday. Overnight accommodations.

SIMSBURY HOUSE WINTER PIE

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups mincemeat
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup peach brandy
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup strained pumpkin
1 egg, lightly beaten
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger
Piece of mace (less than $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
9-inch pie shell, unbaked

Cover bottom of pie shell with mincemeat which has been moistened with brandy. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over meat. Bake at 425° and lower to 350° until the pumpkin custard is set and nicely browned.



New Perry Hotel Mr. and Mrs. Yates Green own and manage this friendly hotel which is on U. S. 341 a block from U. S. 41 in Perry, Georgia. The coffee shop and dining room are open for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day. Overnight accommodations in both the hotel and its adjoining new and modern motel.

SOUTHERN PECAN PIE

1 cup white Karo syrup
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
3 large eggs
2 tablespoons butter, melted
1 cup pecans, coarsely chopped
4 tablespoons orange juice
4 tablespoons orange rind, grated
8 inch unbaked pie crust
Whipped cream

Beat eggs slightly, add sugar, syrup, juice and rind. Stir in butter. Spread pecans over pie shell and pour filling over them. Bake for approximately 45 minutes in a 350° oven. Serve topped with whipped cream.

←*painting of the New Perry Hotel by Corydon Bell*

←*painting of Meme's by Richard Brough*

Meme's is in the tiny fishing settlement of Bon Secour on the Bon Secour River and is about ten miles south of Foley, Alabama, off State Highway 3. Lunch and dinner served every day except Monday. Closed December 23 through December 31 and the first two weeks in May. Reservations requested.

CREOLE SEA FOOD GUMBO

Pour 1 cup cooking oil into large frying pan over low heat and add 1 cup sifted flour, slowly. Stir constantly to brown evenly. It takes about an hour to make a roux correctly, according to expert Creole cooks. Continue cooking roux until it becomes the color of coffee with cream and smells like browned flour. Then add 8 stalks celery, chopped; 3 large Louisiana red onions, chopped; 1 large green pepper, chopped and 2 cloves of garlic, chopped. Brown vegetables in roux. Remove from heat and

pour into 1 gallon of simmering water. Stir thoroughly. Season with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Worcestershire sauce; 1 ounce Louisiana hot sauce; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup catsup; 2 tablespoons salt and 4 slices bacon or lean ham. Cook at slow boil for 2½ hours. Add 1½ pounds shrimp and 2 pounds crab meat, cooked. (Oysters may be added in season.) Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ hour longer. Remove from heat and sprinkle top with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup filé and keep gumbo warm to serve. (Never boil gumbo after filé has been added or mixture becomes stringy.) Serve in bowl over rice. Makes 10-12 portions.



Cohen's Chicken House On a hill overlooking Junction City on the west and Fort Riley on the north, this excellent restaurant is open daily from noon to midnight. It is a mile east of Junction City in Grandview Plaza, Kansas, on new U. S. 40. Closed most holidays.

ORANGE ROLLS

1 cup lukewarm milk
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups sugar
2 eggs
1 cup warm water
1 cake yeast
Flour enough for soft dough (7-8 cups)

Beat sugar, salt and eggs in a mixing bowl. Add milk and yeast dissolved in water. Add flour a little at a time. Stir until dough does not stick to greased hands. Let rise for 30 minutes. Take a

portion of dough and roll out into an oblong shape on a floured board.

ORANGE MIXTURE: Melt $\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter and combine with 1 cup sugar and grated rind from 2 oranges. Cook in a skillet until mixture thickens slightly.

Spread dough with part of orange mixture. Roll up dough lengthwise and cut into $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices. Prepare remaining dough the same way. Let rolls rise for 20 minutes and bake in 350° oven for 20 minutes. Makes 3 dozen rolls.

←*painting of Cohen's Chicken House by R. J. Hunt*

←*painting of Lee's Restaurant by Phil Curtis*

Lee's Restaurant Douglas Lee, owner and manager cooked for a hobby after his return from extensive travels in China before he went into business. Open for dinner from 5:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m., except Monday. It is a mile north of U. S. 60 and 70 at 2310 McDowell Road, Phoenix, Arizona.

SHRIMP WITH BLACK

BEAN SAUCE

1 pound shrimp, cleaned and deveined
Piece of fresh ginger (size of green pea), minced
1 tablespoon prepared black bean sauce
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sherry
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock
1 tablespoon cooking fat
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
Dash black pepper
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Accent

4 teaspoons cornstarch, mixed with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of water

4 green onions, chopped

Place fat in hot skillet, add salt, ginger and black bean sauce. Put in raw shrimp and stir until sauce covers shrimp. Pour in wine and stock and cover with tight lid. Boil them three minutes. Do not overcook. Add pepper, sugar, Accent. Stir cornstarch into sauce to make a very light gravy. Mix in green onions and serve with rice. Makes 4 portions.

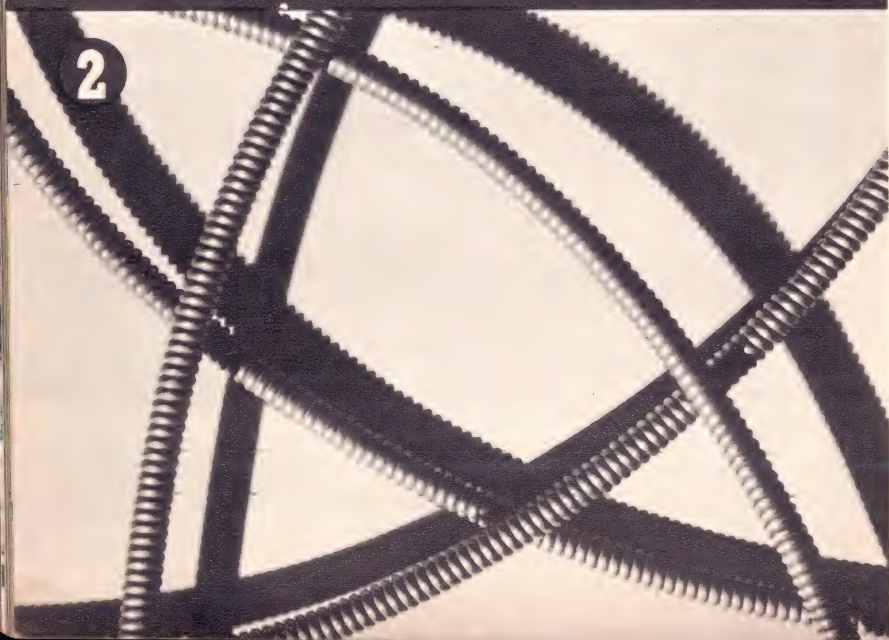
GAME SECTION

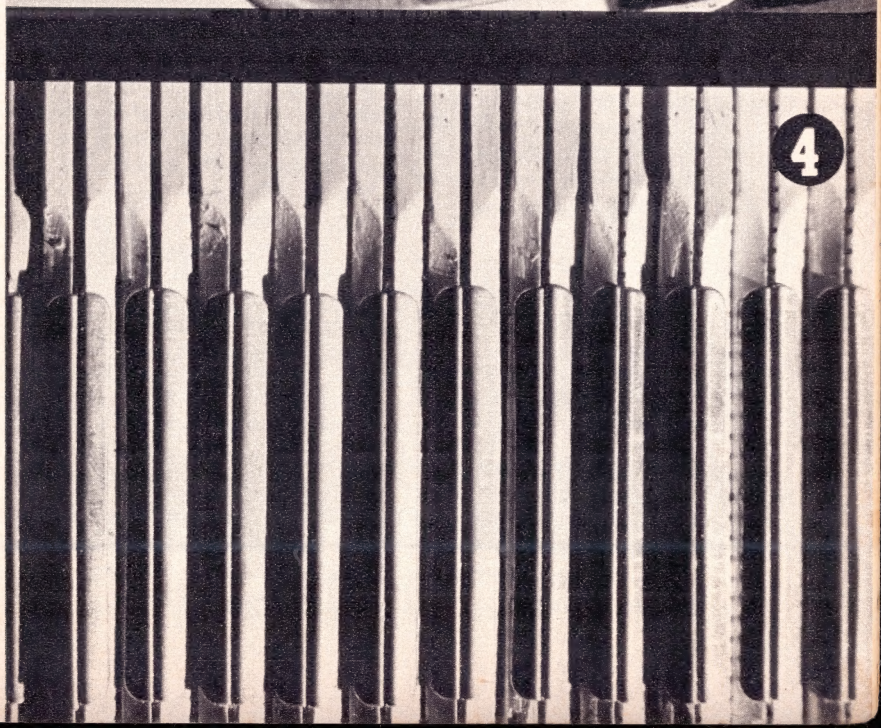
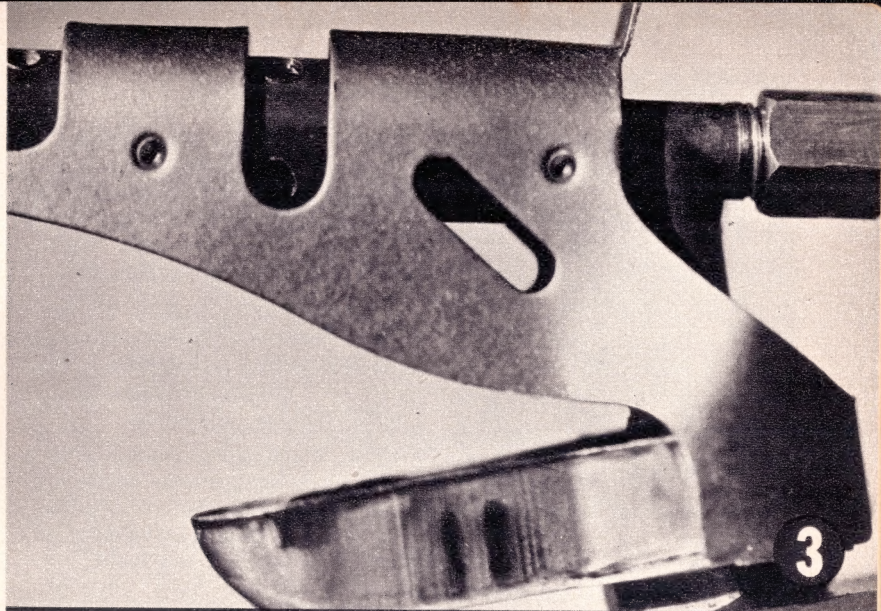
What is it?

If you "do it yourself" you may quickly recognize these tools. If you just watch the proper expert do it, you still should find these vaguely familiar. Answers below.

photos by Three Lions, Inc.

1. Plumb bob
2. Drain snake to root out con-
3. gested pipes
4. Blow-torch
4. Folding measuring stick





Letters



In the November issue of the *FORD TIMES* we published pictures of ten Feeding Station Birds designed by Charles Harper, with accompanying descriptive paragraphs by E. B. White. Large hand-screened prints of these birds were (and are) offered by Mr. Harper for \$4.50 each. Here are excerpts from some of the letters sent by readers along with their orders:

Dear Sirs: Your silk screen birds and E.B. White's delightful captions made the November issue of the *FORD TIMES* a classic.

REV. JAMES L. WHITCOMB,
St. Mary's School
Peekskill, New York

... we are amateur ornithologists and ordinarily shun anything in the bird painting line, but were thrilled with your Feeding Station Birds.

BETTY DARLING COTTRILLE
Jackson, Michigan

... they are lovely in design and color, and yet faithful enough to the nature of the birds to please the bird lover as well as the art lover.

GRETA WIERSMA
Great Neck, New York

... I fell with a thud for the series of bird pictures. The descriptive paragraphs were also delightful.

VERNA SENSTAD
Ely, Minnesota

... the Feeding Station Birds are delightful. Is it possible to get a print of the cover picture?

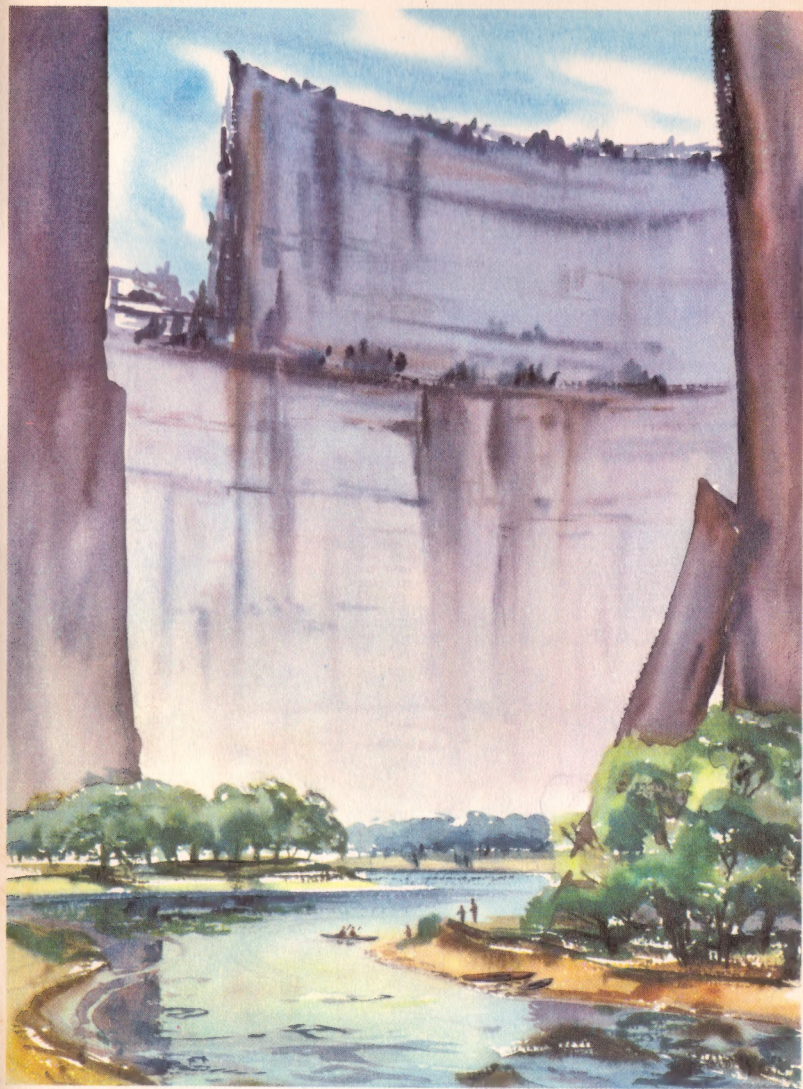
MRS. J.R.D. MATHESON
Berkeley, California

Editors note: Because of the large number of requests for a color print of the November cover (shown on this page in black and white), Mr. Harper has decided to offer silk screen reproductions of it along with the ten individual bird pictures. This is a vertical design, 18¼ by 13½, on paper 20½ by 15½. Like each of the other prints, its price is \$4.50, postpaid. Send your order to Charles Harper, c/o Ford Times, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan.

Dear Sirs: Shame on a Campbell! But och! Ae Scot who puts an "e" in Scotch whisky will be caught wi' witches and warlocks in the mirk.

KAY KIBLER
Annapolis, Maryland

Editor's note: In a letter in the December issue, Rosalin Campbell spelled Scotch whisky w-h-i-s-k-e-y. The above letter is one of many from alert readers.



Yampa Canyon, painted by Stephen Bradley. Story on page 32.

SEC. 34.66, P. L. & R.

U. S. POSTAGE

PAID

Detroit, Mich.

Permit No. 2542

Compliments of

BRISTOL FORD, INC.

Beaver & Prospect Sts.

(Opposite Post Office)

Bristol, Pennsylvania

4—124



Front cover—A nest-building robin busy at being the personification of Spring. This design, as well as another used with the story on robins (see page 29) is by Charles Harper. For information on previously-published Harper bird designs in the Ford Times, see page 64.

The FORD TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.